

LET'S SING

COMMUNITY SONG BOOK

FOR SCHOOLS, CLUBS
CHURCHES, HOMES
CAMP MEETINGS
AND BANQUETS

▼ ▼ ▼
OVER 130 SONGS

For the following instruments
**VOICE & PIANO, HARMONICA,
UKULELE, MANDOLIN,
VIOLIN, BANJO, GUITAR,
SAXOPHONE, ACCORDION.**

Contents Include

Abide With Me
Aloha Oe
Auld Lang Syne
Ay, Ay, Ay
Beautiful Dreamer
Believe Me If All Those En-
dearing Young Chords
Come Back To Erin
Coming Thru The Rye
Cradle Song (Brahms)
Dark Eyes
Deep River
Do You Remember Sweet Alice
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes
Frankie And Johnny
Goodnight Ladies
Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here

Content's Include

Man On The Flying Trapeze
Ich Liebe Dich
I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen
La Golondrina
Listen to the Mocking Bird
Lord is My Shepherd
Love's Old Sweet Song
Lullaby (Jocelyn)
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground
Melody In F
Merry Widow Waltz
My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice
Oh Come All Ye Faithful
Onward Christian Soldiers
Polly Wolly Doodle
She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain
Silver Threads Among the Gold
Sweet and Low

25¢

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FOREWORD

LET'S SING

A NEW COLLECTION OF OLD FAVORITES

WE started out to compile a collection of favorite songs of the American people, arranged them for the most popular musical instruments, simplified them so that everybody could play and sing them, and, in short, provide for the first time a song book which truly belongs on the piano in every home.

In our endeavor to meet the moods of every person who is interested in musical interpretation, we have included, after consultation with leading musical authorities, every song which we believe you will enjoy singing and playing.

The classifications of the melodies are varied. They include home songs, classics, love songs, operatic selections, most popular tunes from other countries, college songs, spirituals, hill billies, etc.

We started out to compile a collection of favorite songs of the American people. We've done it! So

"LET'S SING"

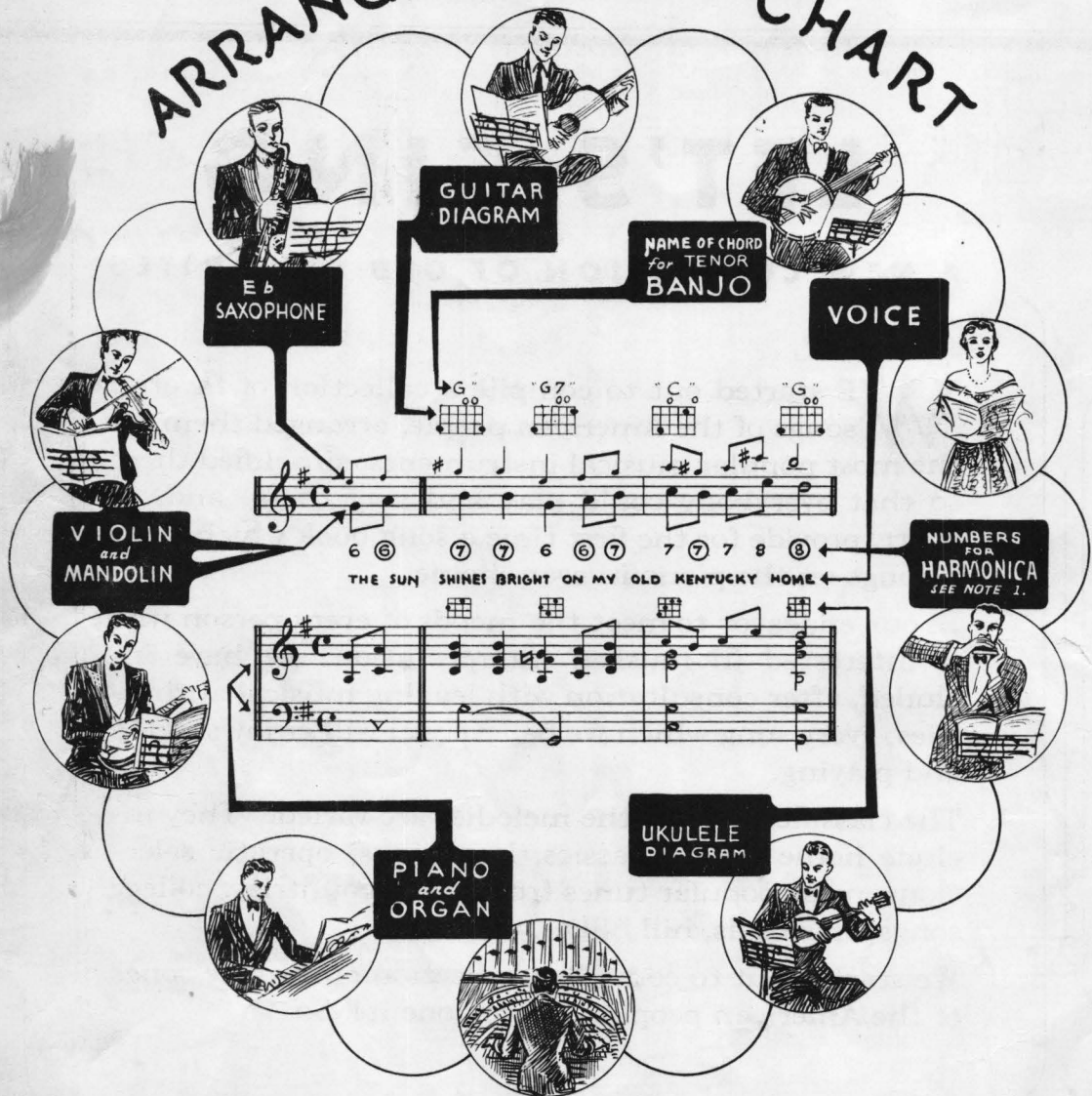
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ARRANGEMENT CHART



NOTE 1. The numbers used in the arrangements for Harmonica represent the holes, from left to right, on the Hohner Harmonica. Numbers without circles around them are played by blowing the breath into the designated hole. Numbers with circles around them are played by drawing the breath. A dash under the number means to play that note one half tone higher.

Star Spangled Banner

3

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Tune Uke

G C E A

Oh say can you see By the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last
On the shore dim-ly seen, Thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread si-lence re-

gleam-ing! Whose stripes and bright stars Thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched were so gal-lant-ly
pos-es What is that which the breeze, O'er the tow-er-ing steep As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals half dis-

stream-ing; And the rock-et's red glare, Bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh! clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines in the stream. Oh!

say does that star span-gled ban-ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

America

SAMUEL F. SMITH

Tune Uke
A D F# B

My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber - ty,
Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
Our fa - ther, God to thee, Auth - or of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing, Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Sweet free - dom's song, Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing, Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's
pil - grims, pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their sil - ence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God our king.

Melody in F

A. RUBENSTEIN

Moderato

Wel - come sweet spring - time we greet thee in song Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the
 Sun - shine now wakes all the flow' - rets from sleep Joy - giv - ing in - cense floats on the

ear Voi - ces long hush'd now their full notes pro - long Eeh - o - ing far and
 air Snow - drop and prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep Pal - ing the glad new

near. year Balm - y and life breath - ing breez - es are
 How na - ture loves thee each glad voice dis -

blow - ing Swift - ly to na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing Ah! how my heart beats with
 clos - es. Her - ald thou art of the time of the spring Ah! how my heart beats with

rap - ture a - new As earths fair - est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.
 rap - ture a - new As earths fair - est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.

D. C.

Merry Widow

WALTZ

FRANZ LEHAR

Valse moderato

Tune Uke

G C E A

Hold me tight-ly, waltz me light-ly love is new — We're ro-man-cing,

while we're danc-ing love me too — Nev-er yet such bliss, dear cu-pid's

shot was true. — Lis-ten as each heart beat ech-oes "I love you." — *Fine*

Oh, hear my glad heart sing — The song your love did bring — I'll always remem-ber the thrill of this short waltz with

7

you.

Little Annie Rooney

By MICHAEL NOLAN

Tune Uke

A D F# B

She's my sweet-heart I'm her beau She's my

An-nie I'm her Joe Soon we'll marry, Nev-er

to part Lit-tle An-nie Rooney is my sweet-heart.

Good Night Ladies

Tune Uke
F B \flat D G

Good-night, lad-ies - Good-night, lad-ies! - Good-night, lad-ies We're going to leave you now.
 Fare well, lad-ies - Fare well, lad-ies! - Fare well, lad-ies We're going to leave you now.
 Sweet dreams, lad-ies - Sweet dreams, lad-ies! - Sweet dreams, lad-ies We're going to leave you now.

Allegro

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O'er the deep blue sea.

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Cradle Song

(Wiegenlied)

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Valse Andante

Lul-la-by and good-night, with ros-es be dight, with lil-ies be-decked is ba-by's wee bed; Lay thee
 down now and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest, Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.

Beautiful Dreamer

9

By STEPHEN FOSTER

Tune Uke

F B \flat D G

Chords: E \flat , Fmi., B \flat 7, E \flat

Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake-un-to me, Star-light and dew drops are waiting for thee, —
 Beau-ti-ful dream-er, out on the sea, Mer-maids are chant-ing the wild lore - lei, —

Chords: E \flat , Fmi., B \flat 7, E \flat , B \flat 7

Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moonlight have all passed a-way! — Beau-ti-ful dream-er,
 O - ver the stream-let, va-pors are born. Wait-ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn. — Beau-ti-ful dream-er,

Chords: E \flat , F7, E \flat , E \flat

Queen of my song, List-while I woo thee with soft mel-o-dy Gone are the cares of
 Beam of my heart, Een as the morn on the stream-let and sea. Then will all clouds of

Chords: Fmi., B \flat 7, E \flat , B \flat 7, E \flat , C7, Fmi., E \flat , B \flat 7, E \flat

life's bus-y throng, sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dream-er a-wake-un-to me. — Beau-ti-ful dreamer a-wake-un-to me.

The Loreley

F. SILCHER

Andante

1. I know not what spell is en-chant-ing, That makes me sad-ly in-clined — An
 2. The fair - est maid is en-clin-ing, In daz-zling beau - ty there, — Her

old strange leg-end is haunt-ing And will not leave my mind — The
 gild-ed rai-ment is shin-ing She combs her gold-en hair, — With

day-light slow-ly is go-ing and calm-ly flows the Rhine — The
 gold-en comb she's comb-ing and as she combs she sings — Her

moun-tain's peak is glow-ing In eve-ning's mel-low shine. —
 song a-midst the gloam-ing, A weird en-chant-ment brings. —

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11

Hark! hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings and Phoebus gins to rise, His steeds to water
at those springs on cha-lied flow'rs that lies, — on cha-lied — flow'rs that lies And
wink - ing ma - ry buds be - gin to ope the gold - en eyes, With ev - 'ry - thing that
pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet a - rise, With ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty bin, My
la - dy sweet a - rise, — A - rise, — a - rise — my la - dy sweet a -
rise, — a - rise, — a - rise, — My la - dy sweet a - rise.

Humoresque

Music by
ANTON DVORAK

Hu-moresque, my hearts at rest for when I hear your tones so clear they sing of peace, all worries cease for
 me. Mel-o-dy you bring to me a mem-o-ry that seem to be so real it's all so plain to see. *Fine*
 Home and a moon-light, Love and a June night, that's the vi-sion oh, so plain And the
 breeze in the trees Sings the same mel-o-dies How I wish I could be there a-gain. *D.S. al Fine*

Chord symbols: C, F, C, G7, C, F, C, A7, Dm, G7, C, C, F, A7, Dm, G7, E7, Cm, D7, G7.

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I'll Sing Thee Songs Of Araby

13

FREDERIC CLAY

I'll sing thee songs of A - ra - by — And tales of fair Cash - mere, — Wild
Thro' those twain lakes, when won - der wakes, My rap - tured song shall sing, — As the

tales to cheat thee of a sigh Or charm thee to a tear. — And dreams of de - light shall
div - er dives for pearls, Bring tears, bright tears to their brink.

on thee break, — And rain - bow vi - sions rise, — And all my soul shall strive to wake sweet

won - der in thine eyes, — And all my soul shall strive to wake sweet won - der in thy eyes. —

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Who Is Sylvia

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
and FRANZ SCHUBERT

Tune Uke

A D F# B

7 Who Is she kind as, What she is fair? That For

all our swains com-mend her? beau-ty lives with kind-ness. Ho-ly fair- and To her eyes- love

wise doth is she The Heavns such grace did lend her. re-pair To help him of his blind-ness,

And That be-ing help-ed in she hab-might its

Chord symbols: D7, G, E7, Ami, D7, G

5 be there. And That be ing a dor help'd ed in she hab its there. 6 6 6

The musical score for 'Who Is Sylvia (cont'd)' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes lyrics and fingerings (e.g., 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 8, 5, 6, 6). The piano accompaniment consists of chords and a rhythmic pattern in the right hand, with a bass line in the left hand.

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON & W.A. MOZART

Tune Uke

A D F# B

Chord symbols: D, A7, D, Emi, D, A7, D, D, A7

5 6 6 5 5 6 6 4 6 5 5 3 5 6

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine — Or leave a kiss with-

6 6 5 5 5 6 6 4 6 5 5 4 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 5

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine. — The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth

Chord symbols: G, D, A7, D, A7, D, Emi, D, A7, D

7 6 - 6 5 5 5 5 6 6 5 5 5 6 6 4 6 5 5 4

ask a drink di-vine. — But might I of love's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.

The musical score for 'Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes' is presented in three systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and fingerings, and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line to indicate the harmonic structure.

Aloha Oe

Hawaiian Farewell Song

QUEEN LYDIA
KAMEKEHA LILUOKAI ANI

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Now has come the hour sad of part - ing, Our daydream of love, my own is o'er. On - ly
When you're far a-way, Ah think of me, love, As I will be dreaming of you. Let fond

mem - o - ries will soon be left us, Let our lives seem to glide on as be - fore, re - col - lec - tions be your fan - cy, And to me may your heart be ev - er true. Fare -

well, dear love, I'll dream of you, No pass - ing grief is this my heart is feel - ing, I

love you so, be - fore you go, I'll say "Dear lov'd one fare - well."

Love's Old Sweet Song

17

J. L. MOLLOY

Tune Uke

G C E A

Once in the dead, dead days beyond re-call, When on the world, the mists began to fall. Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng

Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, soft-ly it wave-it self in-to our

REFRAIN

4 dream. Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low; And the flick-ring shad-ows,

soft-ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wear-y, sad the day and long

Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song, comes love's old sweet song.

The musical score is written for guitar and includes fingerings for the right hand (indicated by numbers 1-5) and left hand (indicated by letters G, C, E, A). Chords are indicated by letters with a circle (e.g., F, Dm, C7, Bb, G7, Gm, F, G7, Am, C7, Dm, A7, F7, Bb, C7, F, Bb, C7, F). The score is divided into sections: the first system contains the first two lines of the verse; the second system contains the next two lines of the verse; the third system contains the refrain; the fourth system contains the next two lines of the verse; and the fifth system contains the final line of the verse. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4.

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Silver Threads Among The Gold

Words by
E. E. REXFORD

Tune		Uke	
F	B \flat	D	G

Music by
H.P. DANKS

Slowly

Slowly

mf

Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb

⑧ ⑧ ⑧ ⑤ ④ 7 ⑥ ④ ⑤ 6 ⑥ ⑧ 6 ⑧ ⑧

Dar - ling I am grow-ing old, —
When your hair is sil - ver white, —
Love can nev - er more grow old, —
Love is al - ways young and fair, —

Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb

⑧ ⑧ ⑧ ⑤ ④ 7 ⑥ ④ ⑤ 6 ⑥ ⑧ 6 ⑧ ⑧

Sil - ver threads a-mong the gold,
And your cheeks no long - er bright,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
What to us is sil - ver hair,

p

Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb

⑧ ⑧ ⑧ ⑤ ④ 7 ⑥ ④ ⑤ 6 ⑥ ⑧ 6 ⑧ ⑧

Shine up - on my brow to - day, —
With the ros - es of the May, —
Cheeks may fade and hol - low grow, —
Fad - ed cheeks or steps grown slow, —

Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb

⑧ ⑧ ⑧ ⑤ ④ 7 ⑥ ④ ⑤ 6 ⑥ ⑧ 6 ⑧ ⑧

Life is fad - ing fast a - way,
I will kiss your lips and say,
But the hearts that love will know,
To the hearts that beat be - low?

F7 Bb F C7 F7

⑥ ⑥ 7 ⑤ ④ ⑥ ⑥ ⑤ ⑧ 7 - - - ⑧ 7 7

But, my dar-ling you will be, will be, Al - ways young and fair to me,
 Oh! my dar-ling mine a - lone, a-lone, You have nev - er old - er grown,
 Nev - er, nev - er win - ter's frost and chill, Sum - mer warmth is in them still,
 Since I kissed you mine a - lone, a-lone, You have nev - er old - er grown,

F7 Bb

⑧ ⑧ ⑧ ⑤ ④ 7 ⑥ ④ ⑤ 6 ⑧ ⑧ 7 ⑥

Yes! my dar-ling you will be, Al ways young and fair to me.
 Yes! my dar-ling mine a - lone, You have nev - er old - er grown.
 Nev - er win - ter's frost and chill, Sum - mer warmth is in them still.
 Since I kissed you mine a - lone, You have nev - er old - er grown.

Fine

Interlude

Solo *accel.* *rall.*

D.S. al Fine

D.S. al Fine

Old Folks At Home

By STEPHEN FOSTER

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way. Der'es wha'my heart is turn-ing ev-er,

Der'es wha'de ole folks stay, All up and down de whole cre-a-tion sad-ly I roam.

Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion And for de old folks at home. All de world is sad and dreary

ev-'ry -where I roam, — Oh! dark-ies how my heart grows wear-y Far from de old folks at home.

Sweet And Low

21

By J. BARNEY

Tune Uke

G C E A

5 Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west come to ern sea.
 6 Sleep and rest, Sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon.

5 Low, low breath and blow Wind of the west - ern sea O-ver the roll - ing
 6 Rest, rest on moth-ers breast Fa-ther will come to thee soon Fa-ther will come to his

6 7 6 6 Come from the dy - ing moon and blow Blow him a - gain to
 6 7 6 6 Sil - ver sails - all out of the west Un - der the sil - ver

6 me - While my lit - tle one, While my pret - ty one sleeps.
 6 moon Sleep my lit - tle one, Sleep my pret - ty one sleep

Sally In Our Alley

HENRY CAREY

Tune Uke

G C E A

Andante

Of Her all the girls that are so smart_ There's none like pret ty
 Of Her fa - ther he makes cab - bage nets And thro' the streets ty does

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart_ And To lives such in our al - ley; There
 cry 'em; Her moth - er she sells lac - es long, And To as please to buy 'em; But

is no la - dy in the land, That's half so sweet as Sal - ly, She is the
 sure such folks could ne'er be - get So sweet a girl as

dar - ling of my heart_ And lives - in our al - ley.

Sailing, Sailing

23

GODFREY MARKS

Ami.
Con spirito

Tune Uke

G C E A

Then here's to the sail-or and here's to the heart so true, Who will think of him up-

on the wat-er blue Sail-ing, sail-ing o-ver the bound-ing Main;— For

man-y a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain. — Sail-ing, sail-ing

o-ver the bound-ing Main. — For man-y a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain. —

Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Andante

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
The or- chard the mead - ow the deep tan-gled wild - wood, And

fond re-col- lec-tion pre-sents them to view! The wide spread-ing pond and the
ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan- cy knew. The cot of my fath - er the

mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the ca - ta - ract fell.
dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.

Refrain

The old oak-en buck-et, The i - ron bound buck-et, The moss cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

When You And I Were Young, Maggie 25

By V. A. BUTTERFIELD

Tune Uke

G C E A

7 7 ⑥ 6 ⑤ 6 ⑤ ⑤ ④ ⑤ ④ ④ ⑤ - ⑥ - 7 6 7

I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be-low; The
They say I am fee-ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps less sprightly than then; My

7 ⑥ 6 ⑤ 6 ⑤ ⑤ ④ ⑤ ④ ④ ⑤ ⑥ 7 6 ⑥ ⑤

creek and the creak-ing old mill, Mag-gie, As we used to, long long a go. The
face is a well writ-ten page, Mag-gie, But time a-lone was the pen. They

⑧ - - ⑥ ⑤ - 7 ⑥ 7 ⑥ 6 7 7 ⑦ 8 ⑧ 7 7

greengrove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai-sies sprung, The
say we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, Spray by the white break-ers flung, But to

7 ⑥ 6 ⑤ 6 ⑤ ⑤ ④ ⑤ ④ ④ ⑤ ⑥ 7 ⑥ ⑥ ⑤

creak-ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

Grandfather's Clock

By HENRY C. WORK

Tune Uke

F B \flat D G

Moderato

My grand-fa-ther's clock was too big for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the floor; — It was
In watch-ing its pen-du-lum swing to and fro, Many hours had hespnt while a boy; — And in

tall-er by half, than the old man him-self, Tho' it weighed not a pen-ny-weight more. — It was
child-hood and manhood, the clock seemed to know, And to share both his grief and his joy, — For it

bought on the morn, of the day that he was born, And was al-ways his treas-ure and pride. But it stopped, short,
struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, With a bloom-ing and beau-ti-ful bride.

nev-er to go a-gain, When the old man died Nine-ty years without slum-ber-ing (tick tock tick tock) His

life sec-onds num-ber-ing (tick tock tick tock) it stopped, short, nev-er to go a-gain, When the old man died.

Oh! Susanna

By STEPHEN FOSTER

Lively

Tune Uke

A D F# B

I came to Al-a-bam-a wid my ban-jo on my knee, Im
rained all night de day I left, De weath-er it was dry, De

g'wan to Lou-'si-an-a, My true love for to see. It
sun so hot I froze to death, Su-san-na don't you cry.

Chorus
Oh, Su-san-na, Oh, don't you cry for me, I've come from Al-a-bam-a wid my ban-jo on my knee.

Darling Nelly Gray

B.R. HANDY

Tune Uke



G C E A



There's a low green val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, There I've
One night I went to see her but "she's gone" the neigh-bors say, The

whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way A sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the
white man bound her with his chain They have tak-en her to Georg-ia for to

lit-tle cot-tage door, Where lived my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray Oh! my
wear her life a-way, As she toils in the cot-ton and the cane

poor Nel-ly Gray, They have tak-en you a-way And I'll nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more — Im

6 - - 6 6 5 4 5 6 6 7 7 6 6 5 6 6 5 4 3 4

sit - ting by the riv - er And I'm weep - ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore. —

Chords: C, C7, F, dim., C, G7, C

Home Sweet Home

By JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
and SIR HENRY BISHOP

4 5 6 6 - 7 5 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 4 5 4 6

'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home, A

Tune Uke
F B♭ D G

5 5 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 6 4

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, where.
seek - thru the world is ne'er met - with else

6 6 5 4 5 6 6 5 5 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4

Home sweet - home, Sweet home! There's no place like Home! Oh There is no place like home.

Songs My Mother Taught Me

ANTON DVORAK

Tune Uke
F B \flat D G

Andante con moto



Songs my moth - er

mf *frall.*



taught me in the days long van - ish'd

L. H.



Sel - dom from her eye - lids were the tear - drops

dim.

ban - ished Now I — teach my — child - ren each mel -

o - dious mea - sure Oft' the tears are — flow - ing

Oft they flow from my mem'-ry's treas - ure.

Solo *L. H.*

Faug

In The Gloaming

By ANNIE F. HARRISON

Tune Uke
G C E A

7 In the gloam-ing, Oh, my dar - ling, When the lights are dim and of
In the gloam-ing, Oh, my dar - ling, Think not bit - ter - ly and of

6 low. And the qui - et shad - ows fall - ing soft - ly come and
me. Tho' I passed a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly,

6 soft left ly go. When For the winds are sob - bing - faint - ly, with a
you free. my heart was crushed with - long - ing, what had

6 gen - tle un - known woe; Will you think of me and love me,
been, could nev - er be. It was best to leave you thus dear,

6 as you did once long a - go. best for me. It was
best for you and

best to leave you thus — Best for you and best for me.

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. Chord symbols (Bb, F, C7, F, C7, F, dim.) are placed above the vocal line. Fingering numbers (6, 4, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 5) are written below the notes in the vocal line.

For He's A Jolly Good Fellow!

For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For
We won't go home un - til morn - ing We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We

he's a jol - ly good fel - low, Which no - body can de - ny! — Which no - body can de - ny! —
won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear. — Till day - light doth ap - pear. —

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. Chord symbols (G, C, G, D7, G, G7, C, D7, G, G, C, G) are placed above the vocal line. Fingering numbers (7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 6, 6, 8, 7, 6, 6) are written below the notes in the vocal line. A 'Tune Uke' box on the left contains the notes A D F# B. The piece ends with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

Mary Had A Little Lamb

CHILDREN'S SONG



1. Mar - y had a lit - tle lamb Lit - tle lamb Lit - tle lamb
 2. And ev - 'ry-where that Mar - y went, Mar - y went, Mar - y went, And

Mar - y had a lit - tle lamb It's fleece was white as snow.
 ev - 'ry where that Mar - y went the lamb was sure to go.

Little Bo Peep

CHILDREN'S SONG



Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,
 Leave them a - lone, And they'll come home Wag - ging their tails be - hind them.

Leave them a - lone, And they'll come home Wag - ging their tails be - hind them.

Lazy Mary, Will You Get Up

35

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

La - zy Mar - y will you get up, Will you get up, Will you get up.
No, no Moth - er, I won't get up, I won't get up, I won't get up

La - zy Mar - y will you get up, Will you get up to - day. ———
No no Moth - er, I won't get up, I won't get up to - day. ———

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep Have you an - y wool? Yes Sir, Yes Sir, Three bags full,
One for my mas - ter, And one for my dame, But none for the naugh - ty boy that cries in the lane.

One for my mas - ter, And one for my dame, But none for the naugh - ty boy that cries in the lane.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

⑤ - 7 - ⑧ - 7 - ⑥ - ⑥ - 6 - ⑤
 Twin-kle, twin-kle lit-tle star, How I won-der what you are
 When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up-on,

7 - ⑥ - ⑥ - 6 - 7 - ⑥ - ⑥ - 6
 Up a-bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky
 Then you show your lit-tle light, Twin-kle twin-kle all the night

⑤ - 7 - ⑧ - 7 - ⑥ - ⑥ - 6 - ⑤
 Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star How I won-der what you are.

The Farmer In The Dell

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

⑤ - ⑥ - 7 7 ⑧ 7 ⑥ ⑤ 6 ⑥ - 6 - ⑤
 1. The farm-er in the dell, the farm-er in the dell Heigh ho the der-ry oh, the farm-er in the dell.
 2. The farm-er takes a wife, the farm-er takes a wife Heigh ho the der-ry oh, the farm-er takes a wife.
 3. The wife takes a child, the wife takes a child Heigh ho the der-ry oh, the wife takes a child.

4. The child takes the nurse, etc.
5. The nurse takes the dog, etc.
6. The dog takes the cat, etc.

7. The cat takes the rat, etc.
8. The rat takes the cheese, etc.
9. The cheese stands alone, etc.

See Saw Margery Daw

37

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

A D F# B

6 See Saw Marg - er - y Daw, Jack shall have a new mas - ter

6 He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he won't work an - y fast - er.

The musical score for 'See Saw Margery Daw' is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a 'See Saw' pattern. The lyrics are: 'See Saw Marg - er - y Daw, Jack shall have a new mas - ter. He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he won't work an - y fast - er.' The piano accompaniment consists of a simple bass line and a treble line with chords.

Christmas Day In The Morning

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

7 Dame get up and bake your pies, Bake your pies, Bake your pies,
 Dame what makes your ducks to die, Ducks to die, Ducks to die, Their

7 Dame get up and bake your pies, On Christ - mas Day In The Morn - ing.
 wings are cut They can - not fly, On Christ - mas Day In The Morn - ing.

The musical score for 'Christmas Day In The Morning' is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a 'Dame get up' pattern. The lyrics are: '7 Dame get up and bake your pies, Bake your pies, Bake your pies, Dame what makes your ducks to die, Ducks to die, Ducks to die, Their. 7 Dame get up and bake your pies, On Christ - mas Day In The Morn - ing. wings are cut They can - not fly, On Christ - mas Day In The Morn - ing.' The piano accompaniment consists of a simple bass line and a treble line with chords.

'Round The Mulberry Bush

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Here we go round the Mul-ber-ry bush, the Mul-ber-ry bush, the Mul-ber-ry bush, Here we go round the
This is the way we wash our clothes, we wash our clothes, we wash our clothes, This is the way we

Mul - ber - ry bush So ear - ly in the morn - ing.
wash our clothes, So, ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing.

3. This is the way we iron our clothes, etc.
So early Tuesday morning.

4. This is the way we scrub the floor, etc.
So early Wednesday morning.

5. This is the way we mend our clothes, etc.
So early Thursday morning.

6. This is the way we sweep the house, etc.
So early Friday morning.

7. This is the way we bake our bread, etc.
So early Saturday morning.

8. This is the way we go to church, etc.
So early Sunday morning.

Simple Simon

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie man go - ing to the fair, Says
Says the man to Sim - ple Si - mon "Do you mean to pay?" Says

Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie man "Let me taste your ware."
Si - mon "Yes, of course I do" And "Let then he ran a way."

Three Blind Mice

39

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

Three Blind Mice See how they run! They all ran after the farm-er's wife; She

cut them in two with a carv-ing knife, Did ev-er you hear such a tale in your life a-bout Three Blind Mice...

Goosey Goosey Gander

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

Goos-ey Goos-y Gan-der whith-er shall I wan-der? Up stairs and down stairs and in my la-dys cham-ber,

There I met an old man, Who would not say his prayers; I took him by the left leg and threw him down the stairs.

Little Jack Horner

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

A D F# B

Chord symbols: G, C, A7, D7, G.

4 6 5 5 5 6 6 5 7 6 6 4

Lit - tie Jack Hor - ner sat in a cor - ner, Eat - ing a Christ - mas pie, — He

Chord symbols: G, C, A7, D7, G.

4 6 5 5 5 6 6 5 8 7 5 6 1

put in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said "What a good boy am I."

Little Boy Blue

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

A D F# B

Chord symbols: G, dim., G, dim., G, Emi., A7, D7.

4 6 5 5 5 4 6 5 5 4 6 6 7 6 6 7 6 6

Lit - tie boy blue, come blow your horn, the sheep in the mead - ow and cows in the corn,

Chord symbols: G, C, D7, G, C, D7, G.

5 7 6 5 5 7 6 5 4 6 5 6 6 7 7 6 6

Where is the boy that looks af - ter the sheep? He's un - der the hay stack fast a - sleep.

Jack And Jill

41

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

7 6 ⑥ 6 7 6 ⑥ 6 8 ⑧ 7 ⑦ ⑥ 6

Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;

⑤ ④ ⑤ 5 7 5 ④ ⑥ 6 ③ ④ 4

Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill came tum - bling af - ter.

Humpty Dumpty

CHILDREN'S SONG

Tune Uke

A D F# B

6 - ⑦ - ⑥ ⑦ ⑥ 6 ⑦ - ⑧ - 7 ⑧ 7 ⑦

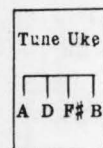
Hum - pty Dum - pty sat on a wall, Hum - pty Dum - pty had a great fall,

8 - - ⑤ - - ⑤ - - 8 7 - ⑦ - - ⑥ ⑦ ⑥ 6

All the kings hors-es and all the kings men Could-n't put Hum-pty to - geth-er a - gain.

Hail, Columbia

JOSEPH HOPKINSON



6 6 - ⑦ ⑥ 6 ④ 6 - ⑦ - ⑧ 7 ⑦ 6 ⑦ ④ 6 - - ⑦

Hail Co-lum-bia hap-py land Hail ye he- roes, Heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
Im-mort-al pat-riots rise once more, De-fend your rights, De-fend your shore; Let no rude foe with

⑥ 6 ⑥ ⑦ 6 ④ ⑦ - - ⑧ 7 ⑦ ⑦ ⑧ ⑦ 6 ⑥ - - ⑧ 7 ⑦ ⑥ 6

free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
im-pi-ous hand, Let no rude foe with im-pi-ous hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of

⑤ 6 ⑥ ⑦ ⑥ 6 ⑤ ④ ③ ② ① ⑧ - 7 ⑦ 7 ⑧ 8 7 ⑥ - ⑥ ⑦ ⑥ -

joyed the peace your val-or won, Let in-de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost,
toil, and blood the wellearned prize, While off-ering peace sin-cere and just In Heav'n we place a man-ly trust,

⑦ ⑥ ⑤ ④ ③ ② ① ⑧ - 7 ⑦ 7 ⑧ 8 7 ⑥ - ⑥ ⑦ ⑥ -

Ev-er great-ful for the prize, Let it's al-tar reach the skies. Firm u-ni-ted, let us be,
Truth and just-ice will pre-vail, And ev-ry scheme of bond-age fail

Chorus

Ev-er great-ful for the prize, Let it's al-tar reach the skies. Firm u-ni-ted, let us be,
Truth and just-ice will pre-vail, And ev-ry scheme of bond-age fail

Rally-ing round our lib - er - ty As a band of broth-ers joined Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

Yankee Doodle

Allegretto

 Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - in', And

 And there we see a thous-and men As rich as Squi - re Dav - id, And

Tune Uke
G C E A

there we saw the men and boys, As thick as hast - y pud-din' Yan-kee Doo-dle Keep it up, Yan-

 what they wast-ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be saved.

kee Doo-dle Dan - dy Mind the mus-ic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

Dixie Land

By DAN EMMET



6 5 wish I was in the land of cot-ton, Old times there are
 In Dix-ie Land Where I was born in, Ear-ly on one

6 6 6 7 8 7 6 7 6 5 6 4 5 4
 not for-got-ten fros-ty morn-in' Look a-way, Look a-way, Look a-way Dix-ie Land

6 7 8 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 8 6 7
 Then I wish I was in Dix-ie Hoo-ray, Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll

6 7 7 6 6 7 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 6 7 8
 take my stand To live and die in Dix-ie A-way, A-way, A-way down south in

Dixie Land con.

Musical score for 'Dixie Land con.' in C major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: Dix-ie, A - way A - way A - way down south in Dix - ie. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Maryland, My Maryland

Musical score for 'Maryland, My Maryland' in G major, 2/4 time. The score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are: Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Mar - y - land, My Mar - y - land, Thy beam - ing sword shall Thou wilt not yield the van - dal toll, Mar - y - land, My Mar - y - land, Thou wilt not crook to nev - er rust Mar - y - land, My Mar - y - land Re - mem - ber Car - rolls sa - cred trust; Re - his con - trol, Mar - y - land, My Mar - y - land Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust And all thy slum - bers with the just Mar - y - land My Mar - y - land. ter the shot the blade, the bowl, Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul Mar - y - land My Mar - y - land.

Tune Uke
A D F# B

Oh, My Darling Clementine

By P. MONTROSE

Tune Uke

A D F#B

6 In a cav - ern in a can - yon, Ex - ca - vat - ing for a
 Light she was and like a fai - ry, And her shoes were num - ber

mine, Dwelt a min - er, for - ty nin - er, And his daugh - ter Cle - men - tine.
 nine, Her - ring box - es, with - out top - ses, San - dals were for Cle - men - tine.

Chorus
 Oh, my dar - ling, oh my dar - ling, oh, my dar - ling, Cle - men - tine; You are

lost and gone for - ev - er dread - ful sor - ry Cle - men - tine.

Polly Wolly Doodle

47

Tune Uke

A D F# B

The musical score is written for a vocal melody, guitar, and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line, a guitar line with chords and fingerings, and a piano accompaniment line.

System 1:

Vocal: 6 ⑥ 7 - 6 6 ⑥ 7 - 6 6 ⑥ 7 - - - 7 - ⑦ - ⑥ ⑤ 6
 Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly Wol-ly Doo-dle all the day. My
 Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly Wol-ly Doo-dle all the day. With

System 2:

Vocal: ③ Sal-ly ⑤ am a ⑥ spunk-y ⑤ gal, Sing ③ Pol-ly Wol-ly 7 Doo-dle all the ⑥ day. ⑦ 7
 cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly Wol-ly Doo-dle all the day. Fare thee

System 3:

Vocal: ⑤ well, ⑦ Fare thee ⑦ well, ③ Fare thee ⑦ well, my fair-y ④ 8 ③ 7 ⑥ ⑦
 goin' to Lou-si-an-a For to see my Sus-y an-na, Sing Pol-ly Wol-ly Doo-dle all the day.

Marching Thru' Georgia

By HENRY C. WORK

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Bring the good old bu-gle, boys! We'll sing an-oth-er song. Sing it with a spir-it that will
 How the dark-ies shout-ed When they heard the joy-ful sound. How the tur-keys gob-bled which our

start the world-a-long com-mis-sa-ry found. Sing it as we used to sing it, fif-ty thou-sand strong. While we were marching thru Georgia.
 How the sweet po-ta-toes e-ven start-ed from the ground. While we were marching thru Georgia.

Hur-rah! Hur-rah! we bring the ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The flag that makes you free;

So we sung the chor-us from At-lan-ta to the sea While we were march-ing thro' Geor-gia.

Old Black Joe

49

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Tune Uke
G C E A

Andante

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
 Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain
 Gone are my friends, from the
 Why do I sigh that my

cot - ton fields a - way;
 friends come not a - gain.

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know
 Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go

hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe."
 I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

head is bend - ing low,
 I hear those gen - tle voic - es call ing "Old Black Joe."

We're Tenting Tonight

WALTER KITTREDGE

Tune Uke

F B \flat D GAnd te

We're ten-ting to-night on the old camp ground Give us a song to
 We've been ten-ting to-night on the old camp ground Think-ing of days gone

cheer our wea-ry hearts, A song of home And friends we love so dear
 Of the loved ones at home, That gave us a hand, And the tear that said "Good - bye?"

Man-y are the hearts that are wear-y to-night Wish-ing for the war to cease; Man-y are the hearts looking

for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing tonight Tent-ing tonight Tent-ing on the old camp ground.

Massa's In De Cold Ground

51

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Tune Uke
A D F#B

Mod.to

'Round de mead-ows a-ring-ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful songs,
Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing O'er de gras-sy mound

While de mock-ing bird am sing-ing Hap-py as de day is long.
Dere old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing Sleep-ing in de cold cold ground.

Back in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful sound.

All de dark-ies am a-weep-ing Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

dim.

My Old Kentucky Home

By STEPHEN FOSTER

Tune Uke
A D F#B

Chorus

⑧ ⑦ 7 8 ⑧ ⑦ ⑥ 6 ⑥ 6 5 6 ⑥

Weep no more, my la - dy Oh! weep no more, to - day! We will

dim. Emi. c G

⑦ 6 ⑥ ⑦ 7 ⑦ 7 8 ⑤ 6 ⑥ ⑦ 6 7 ⑦ ⑥ ⑥ ⑤ 6

sing one song, For my old Ken-tuck - y home, For my old Ken-tuck - y home, far a - way.

G G7 c G A7 G A7 D7 G

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

SOUTHERN PATRIOTIC SONG

GEO. F. ROOT

Tune Uke

F Bb D G

⑧ ⑧ ⑧ 7 ⑥ ⑤ ⑥ 7 7 ⑧ 7 ⑥ ③ 7 ⑤ ④

Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades they will come And be -

Bb F7 C7 G F7

④ ⑤ ⑥ 7 ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ 6 ⑥ ⑥ ⑤ ③ 7 ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑤ ⑥ 7 ⑥

neath the star - ry flag, We shall breathe the air a - gain, Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

Bb Eb Bb Eb F7 Bb

The Man On The Flying Trapeze

1. Once I was hap - py but now I'm for - lorn Like an old coat that is tat - tered and
 2. Now this man by name was Sig - nor Bo - ni Slang, Tall big and hand - some as well made as

Tune Like F, Bb, D, G.

torn, Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn, Be - trayed by a maid in her teens.
 Chang, Where - e'er he ap - peared the hall loud - ly rang, With o - va - tion from ev - ry - one there.

Now this girl that I loved she was hand - some, And I tried all I knew her to please
 He'd smile from the bar on all peo - ple be - low, And one night he smiled on my love.

But I nev - er could please her one quar - ter so well, As the man on the fly - ing trap - eze.
 She winked back at him and she shout - ed bra - vo, As he hung by his nose up a - bove.

The Man On The Flying Trapeze (continued)

55

CHORUS

He flies through the air with the great-est of ease, This dar-ing young man on the fly-ing trap-eze, His
(Last only) She floats through the air with the great-est of ease, You'd think her a man on the fly-ing trap-eze, She

move-ments are grace-ful all girls he does please, And my love he's pur-loin-ed a-way. ———
does all the work while he sure takes his ease, And that's what's be-come of my love. ——— D.C.

3. Her father and mother were both on my side
And very hard tried to make her my own bride.
Her father he sighed and her mother she cried,
To see her throw herself away.
4. 'Twas all no avail, she went there every night,
And threw him bouquets on the stage,
Which caused her to meet him, how he ran me down,
To tell it would take a whole page.
5. One night I, as usual, went to her dear home,
Found there her mother and father alone,
I asked for my love, and soon 'twas made known,
To my horror that she'd run away.
6. She packed up her boxes and eloped in the night,
With him with the greatest of ease,
From two stories high he had lowered her down,
To the ground on his fly trapeze.
7. Some months after that I went into a hall,
To my surprise I found there on a wall,
A bill in red letters which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.
8. He'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease,
He'd made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

Tune Uke
G C E A

THOMAS P. WESTENDORF

Andante con espressione



VOICE

I'll take you home a-gain, Kath-leen
I know you love me Kath-leen dear,
To that dear home be-yond the sea,

A - cross the o - cean wild and wide, To
Your heart was ev - er fond and true, I
My Kath-leen shall a - gain re - turn, And

where your heart has ev - er been
al - ways feel when you are near,
when thy old friends wel - come thee,

Since first you were my bon - ny bride. The
That life holds noth - ing dear be you. The
Thy lov - ing heart will cease to yearn. Where

ros - es all have left your cheek, I've watched them fade a - way and die; Your
 smiles that once you gave to me, I scarce - ly ev - er see them now; Tho'
 laughs the lit - tle sil - ver stream, Be - side your mother's hum - ble cot, And

voice is sad when'er you speak, And tears be - dim your lov - ing eyes.
 man - y man - y times I see, A dark - 'ning shad - ow on your brow.
 bright - est rays of sun - shine gleam, There all your grief will be for - got.

REFRAIN

Oh I will take you back, Kath - leen To where your heart will feel no pain, — And

when the fields are fresh and green, — I'll take you to your home a - gain. —

The Letter Edged In Black

Tune Uke

F B♭ D G

Slowly

p

VOICE

p

E♭ *B♭7*

E♭ *B♭m* *C7* *Fm*

B♭7 *E♭* *E♭*

④ ⑤ 6 - - 6 6 ⑤ ④ ④ ⑤ 6 ⑥ - - 7 ⑥ ⑤ ⑤
 I was stand-ing by the win-dow yes-ter - morn-ing With - out a thought of wor-ry or of
 With - trem-bling hand I took the let-ter from him I broke the seal and this is what it
 I - bowed my head in sor-row and in si-lence The sun shine of my life it all had

6 ⑥ - ⑧ - - ⑥ 6 - 6 6 ⑤ 7 7 ⑧
 care said When I saw the post-man com-ing up the path-way With
 fled, "Come home my boy your dear old fa-ther wants you, Come
 Since the post-man brought that let-ter yes-ter - morn-ing Think of

⑧ 7 ⑥ 6 6 ④ 6 ⑤ ④ ④ ⑤ 6 - - 6 6 ⑤ ④
 such a hap-py face and jol-ly air He rang the bell and whistled while he
 home my boy your dear old moth-er's dead. The last words that your moth-er ev-er
 home my boy your dear old moth-er's dead. Those an-gry words I wish I'd nev-er

Bb7 **Eb**

wait - ed ut - tered spok - en, Then he said "good morn - ing be you Jack' But he
Tell my boy I want him to come back My
You know I did not mean them don't you Jack, May the

Bbm **C7** **Fm** **Bbm** **Eb**

lit - tle knew the sor - row that he brought me As he hand - ed me a let - ter edged in black.
eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is break - ing While I'm writ - ing you this let - ter edged in black.
an - gels bear me wit - ness I am ask - ing Your for - giveness in this let - ter edged in black.

REFRAIN **Eb** **Bb7** **Eb**

I could hear the postman whistling yester morn - ing Coming up the pathway with his pack But he

Bb7 **C7** **Fm** **Bb7** **Eb**

lit - tle knew the sor - row that he brought me, As he hand - ed me a let - ter edged in black.

Funiculi Funicula

Neapolitan Song

By L. DENZA

Allegro

Tune Uke
A D F#B

Some think _____ the world is made for fun and frolic —

and so do I _____ and so do I _____ Some think _____

— it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic — To pine and sigh, — To pine and sigh, —

But I _____ I love to spend my time in sing-ing — some joy-ous song. —

Some joy - ous song To set the air with mu - sic brave - ly

ring - ing Is far from wrong, Is far from wrong.

Lis - ten, Lis - ten Ech-oessounda - far! — Lis - ten, Lis - ten Ech-oessounda - far. Fū-ni - cu -

li, fu-ni - cu - la fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu - la! Ech-oessound a - far Fu-ni-cu-la fu-ni-cu-la!

Guitar Chords: C#7, F#mi., A, E7, A, E7, A, E7, A, A7, D, F#7, Bmi., F#7, Bmi., G, D, A7, D.

Fingerings: 6, 6, 5, 5, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 5, 5, 7, 7, 8, 5, 5, 8, 7, 8, 8, 5, 6, 6, 5, 4.

Marie! Marie!

EDUARDO DI CAPUA

Tune Uke

G C E A

Love, — I'm your slave for — ev-er-more — Love, — you've cast your spell
Hold, — my se-cret, I beg you — 'Till — I can see her

on — me — I've — met the one girl I — a-dore —
and say — All — that my heart says to me —

Love — please don't tell on me. — Oh Mar-
Through — the live long day. —

ie, — Oh Mar - ie, — There is no one but you, dear for me. —

My heart's re - peat - ing — Each word you can hear in — it's

beat - ing, — Oh, Mar - ie — Oh, Mar - ie — Fair - est

flow - er in all It - al - y — I beg of

thee, — Hear my plea — Oh! Mar - ie.

'O Sole Mio

Music by
ED. DI CAPUA

Chorus

Tune Uke

G C E A

Just like the sun - rise You came to me

mf *espressivo*

You brought a new light The world to see. Your

smile changed my whole life dear You came one

p

day to light my way. Just like the way.

She'll Be Comin' 'Round The Mountain

65

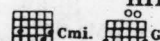
(When She Comes)

HILL BILLY

Tune Uke

A D F# B

Moderato



Cmi.



She'll be com - in' 'round the moun - tain when she comes _____ She'll be
 She'll be driv - in' six white hors - es when she comes _____ She'll be

com - in' 'round the moun - tain when she comes _____ She'll be
 driv - in' six white hors - es when she comes _____ She'll be

com - in' 'round the moun - tain She'll be com - in' 'round the moun - tain She'll be
 driv - in' six white hors - es She'll be driv - in' six white hors - es She'll be

com - in' 'round the moun - tain when she comes _____
 driv - in' six white hors - es when she comes _____

Comin' Thru The Rye

ROBERT BURNS

Tune Uke
A D F# B

Mod to

If a body meet a body, com-in'thru the rye If a body kiss a body need a body cry.
If a body meet a body, com-in' frae the town If a body greet a body need a body frown.

Ev'ry las-sie has her lad-die, nae, they say, ha'e I, Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in'thru the rye.

Blue Bells Of Scotland

SCOTCH SONG

Tune Uke
G C E A

Mod to

O where and O where is your high-land lad-die gone, O where and O
O where and O where does your high-land lad-die dwell, O where and O

Where is your high-land lad-die gone. He's gone to fight the foe for King
Where does your high-land lad-die dwell? He dwells in mer-ry Scot-land at the

George up - on the throne, And it's oh! in my heart, How I wish him safe at home.
sign of the blue bell, And it's oh! in my heart, How I love my lad-die well.

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Mod^{to}

Tune Uke
G C E A

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
We twa' hae ran a - boot thebrae, and pu'd the Gow - ans fine, We've wand-ered mony a

be for- got and days of Auld Lang Syne? For Auld- Lang- Syne, my dear, For
wea- ry foot sin Auld- Lang- Syne

Auld- Lang- Syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For Auld- Lang- Syne.

My Bonnie

SCOTCH SONG

Tune Uke

G C E A

Modto  c  Dmi.  c  c  dim.  F  G7

6 8 ⑧ 7 ⑧ 7 ⑥ 6 5 6 8 ⑧ 7 7 ⑦ 7 ⑧ 6
 My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o - cean - My Bon-nie lies o-ver the sea; — My
 Lastnight as I lay on my pil - low — Last night as I lay on my bed; — Last

 c  Dmi.  c  F  G7  c

8 ⑧ 7 ⑧ 7 ⑥ 6 5 6 ⑥ ⑧ 7 ⑦ ⑥ ⑦ 7
 Bon-nie lies o-ver the o - cean, — Oh, Bring back my Bon-nie to me, —
 night as I lay on my pil - low, — I dreamt that my Bon-nie was dead. —

 c  Dmi.  G7  c

6 7 ⑥ 7 ⑦ 6 ⑦ 7 ⑧ 8
 Bring back, Bring back, Bring back my Bon-nie to me to me.

 c  Dmi.  G7  c

6 7 ⑥ ⑧ 7 ⑦ ⑥ ⑦ 7
 Bring back, Bring back, Oh! Bring back my Bon-nie to me, —

Annie Laurie

69

LADY SCOTT

Tune Uke

G C E A

Andante

5 Max Her 4 wel brow 7 ton's braes is like 7 are the 7 bon - nie, 6 Where Her 6 5 ear - ly throat is 4 fa's like the the

4 dew, swan, 5 And 'twas Her 4 there face 4 that it 7 An - nie the 7 Laur - ie fair - est 6 gave that 6 me'er 5 her the 4 prom - ise shone

4 true on; 6 Gave That 7 me'er 8 her prom - ise shone 8 true on, 6 Which And 7 ne'er dark 8 for - got is will her .

8 be, e'e, - And And 8 for for 7 bon-nie An - nie Laur-ie, 6 5 Laur-ie, 5 4 Id lay 7 5 medown and dee. 4 medown and dee.

Song Of The Volga Boatman

Tune Uke
F B \flat D G

Russian Folk Song

Maestoso



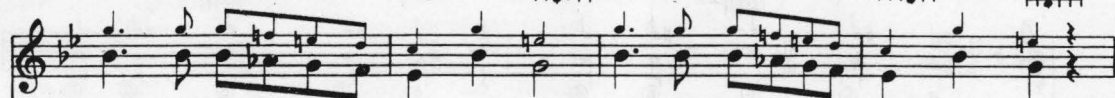
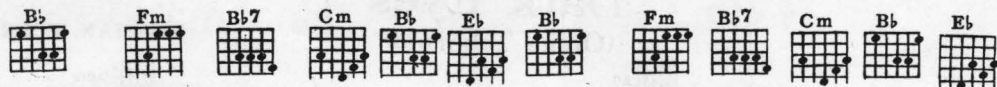
Gm Cm Gm Gm Cm Gm Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm Cm Gm

Yo heave ho Yo heave ho Pull my brave lads pull once more
Ay - yukh-nyem Ay - yukh-nyem Pull my brave lads pull once more

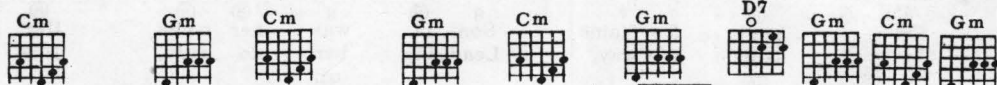
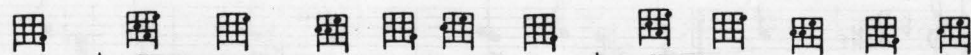
Gm Cm Gm Gm Cm Gm Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm Cm Gm

Yo heave ho Yo heave ho Pull my brave lads for the shore
Ay - yukh-nyem Ay - yukh-nyem Pull my brave lads for the shore

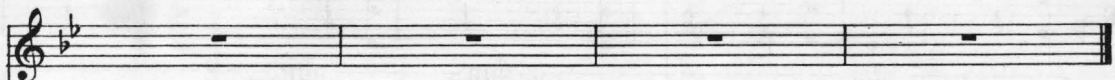
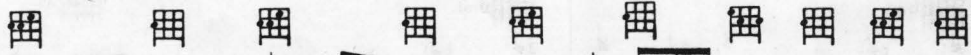
The sheet music includes guitar chords (Gm, Cm, D7) and fingerings (6, 7, 8) for the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chordal support in the right hand.



⑥ - - 6 6 ⑤ ④ ⑥ 6 ⑥ - - 6 6 ⑤ ④ ⑥ 6
 Let's be hap-py lads as we pull on, Sing this song from night till dawn



7 - - 6 - ⑧ ⑧ 7 ⑥ 6 7 ⑧ ⑧ ⑧ ⑧ 7 ⑥ 6 7 6
 Ay - da-da-ay - da - ay - da-da-ay - da Pull my brave lads pull once more.



SOLO



Ben Bolt

(Sweet Alice)

73
J. KNEASS

Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice Ben Bolt Sweet Al-ice with hair so
Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the wood Ben Bolt Near the green sun-ny slope of the

brown She wept with de-light when you gave her a smile And trem-bled with fear at your
hill When oft we have sung near it's wide spread ing shade And kept time to the click of the

frown. In the old church-yard in the val-ley Ben Bolt In a cor-ner ob-sure and a
mill. The mill has gone to de-cay Ben Bolt And a qui-et now reigns all a-

lone They have fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so gray And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the
round See the old rus-tic porch with it's ro-ses so sweet Lies scat-terd and fall'n to the

stone They have fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so gray And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone.
ground See the old rus-tic porch with it's ro-ses so sweet Lies scat-terd and fall'n to the ground.

Words by
CAROLINE NORTON

Juanita

SPANISH AIR

Tune Uke

F Bb D G

Soft o'er the foun-tain, lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the
When in thy dream-ing, moons like those shall shine a - gain, And day-light

moun-tain, breaks the day too soon, In thy dark eyes splen-dor Where the warm light
beam-ing, prove thy dreams are vain; Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing For thine ab - sent

loves to dwell Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der speak their fond fare - well. Ni - ta Jua -
lov - er sigh! In thy heart con - sent-ing to a pray'r gone by. Ni - ta Jua -

ni - ta Ask thy soul if we should part Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta Lean thou on my heart.
ni - ta Let me lin - ger by thy side Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta Be my own fair bride.

La Golondrina

(The Swallow)

75

N. SARRADELL

Tune Uke
G C E A

A swal- low once was fly - ing up a - bove

And as he flew he saw his love. The swal- lows both then flew

to the South There side by side two winged crea- tures

fly ing to make their nest And pledge their love un - dy - ing.

Beautiful Heaven

Cielito Lindo

C. FERNANDEZ

Voice

Vamp

Heav-ens a bove you all know that I love you, You
Bad times and fair, dear, I know you'll be there, dear, You'll

riv - al their beau - ty my darl - ing I wait the
help me and guide me right My heart is

day dear When I can hear you say dear.
light For I shall al - ways have you.

Chorus

I'll come to you With loves own greet - ing The
New days are nigh Each one a glad day We'll

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Beautiful Heaven cont'd

77

stars a - bove will light up the way The heav-ens will bless our meet-ing.
both find joy and plea-sure un - told And nev-er know a sad day.

1 Fine

Ay, Ay, Ay

CREOLE SONG

Tune Uke
A D F# B

⑤ ⑦ ⑦ ⑤ ⑦ 8 ③ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑤ 6 6 ⑥ ⑦ 6 5 ④ ⑥ ⑦ ⑦ ⑥ 7 8 9
The love gleam-ing in your eyes Ay, Ay, Ay Its taunt-ing this poor heart of mine. Your eyes show me par-a -

⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑥ ⑤ 6 6 ⑥ 7 6 5 ④ ⑤ 8 ⑤ 7 ⑦ 7 ⑧ - 7 7
dise, Ay, Ay, Ay, And fill me with pas-sion di-vine, I see you in all of my dreams, You're

⑧ ⑤ 7 ⑦ 7 ⑤ 7 7 ⑦ - - 8 9 ⑤ 6 ⑦ ⑥ ⑤ 6 6 ⑥ ⑦ 6 5 ④
taunt-ing me al-ways it seems, Oh tell me you love but me Ay, Ay, Ay Oh tell me you, love on-ly me.

Du, Du Liegst Mir Im Herzen

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Tune Uke
A D F#B

du, liegst mir im her - zen Du du, liegst mir im sinn

Du du, machst mir viel schmer - zen weist nicht wie gut ich dir bin

jal jal jal weist nicht wie gut ich dir bin.

Lieber Augustin

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Tune Uke
A D F#B

O' mein lie-ber Au-gus-tin, Au-gus-tin, O' mein lie-ber Au-gus-tin al-les-ist weg:

Bock ist weg stock ist weg Auch ich bin in dem dreck O' mein lie-ber Au-gus-tin, al-les ist weg.

Ich Liebe Dich

79

I Love Thee

EDVARD GRIEG

Andante

Thou art my thoughts, My pres-ent and my fu-ture,
One thought of thee All oth-er thought drives from me,

Thou art my
Pledged to thy

heart's su-preme, it's on-ly joy,
good a-lone This heart shall be,

I love thee more than an-y earth-ly
For to what-ev-er fate God's will may

crea-ture, doom me. } I love thee dear, I love thee dear, I love thee now and for e-ter-ni-ty, I

love thee now and for e-ter-ni-ty.

Old Dog Tray

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Tune Uke
G C E A

Old dog Tray's ev-er faith-ful Grief can-not drive him a-way He's
gen-tle, he is kind, I'll nev-er, nev-er find a bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

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Today Is Monday

ARMY SONG

Tune Uke
A D F#B

1. To-day is Mon-day To-day is Mon-day Mon-day bread and but-ter
2. To-day is Tues-day To-day is Tues-day Tues-day string beans
3. To-day is Wednes-day To-day is Wednes-day Wednesday soo-oo-p

All you hun-gry sol-diers We wish the same to you.

4. Today is Thursday - Roast beef.
5. Today is Friday - Fish

6. Today is Saturday - Pay-day.
7. Today is Sunday - Church, ding dong.

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Mademoiselle From Armentiers

(Hinky Dinky Parlee Voo)

81

Tune Uke
G C E A

Two Ger-man of-fic-ers crossed the Rhine, Par - lee-voo Two Ger-man of-fic-ers crossed the Rhine, Par - lee-
Oh, farm-er have you a daugh-ter fair, Par - lee-voo Oh, farm-er have you a daugh-ter fair, Par - lee-

voo Two Ger-man of-fic-ers crossed the Rhine, to kiss the wom-en and drink the wine Hin-ky din-ky Par-lee - voo. —
voo Oh, farm-er have you a daugh-ter fair, who can wash a sol-dier's un-der-wear Hin-ky din-ky Par-lee - voo. —

Pop Goes The Weasel

REEL

Tune Uke
A D F# B

4 6 - 6 - 7 8 7 6 4 6 - 6 - 7 6 4 6 - 6 - 7 8 7 6 4 8 6 7 7 6

What The **** Do We Care

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Moderato

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Chord diagrams: G, D7, G

Lyrics: Hail! Hail!— the gang's all here, What the **** do we care What the **** do we care

Lyrics: Hail! Hail!— the gang's all here, What the **** do we care now!

The Old Gray Mare

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Chord diagrams: G, D7, G, D7, G, D7, G, D7, G

Lyrics: Oh, the old gray mare, She ain't what she used to be, Ain't what she used to be, Ain't what she used to be, The old gray mare, She

Lyrics: ain't what she used to be, Man-y long years a - go. Man-y long years a - go. Man-y long years a - go.

83

3. Johnny said I've got to leave you,
But I won't be very long
Don't you wait up for me honey,
Nor worry while I'm gone
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
4. Frankie went down to the corner,
Stopped in to buy her some beer
Says to the fat bar-tender
Has my Johnny man been here
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
5. "Well I ain't going to tell you no story,
Ain't going to tell you no lie.
Johnny went by, 'bout an hour ago,
With a girl named Nellie Blye,
He was your man, but he's doin' you wrong.
6. Frankie went home in a hurry,
She didn't go there for fun,
She hurried home to get a hold,
Of Johnny's shootin' gun
He was her man, but he's doin' her wrong.
7. Frankie took a cab at the corner,
Says "Driver, step on this can."
She was just a desperate woman,
Gettin' two-timed by her man.
He was her man, but he's doin' her wrong.
8. Frankie got out at South Clark Street,
Looked in a window so high
Saw her Johnny man a lovin' up,
That high brown Nellie Blye
He was her man, but he's doin' her wrong.
9. Johnny saw Frankie a comin',
Out the back door he did scoot,
But Frankie took aim with her pistol,
And the gun went root a toot-toot
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
10. Oh roll me over so easy,
Roll me over so slow,
Roll me over easy boys,
'Cause my wounds they hurt me so
I was her man, but I done her wrong.
11. Bring out your long black coffin,
Bring out your funeral clo'es,
Johnny's gone and cashed his checks,
To the grave-yard Johnny goes.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
12. Drive out your rubber tired carriage,
Drive out your rubber tired hack
There's twelve men going to the grave-yard,
And eleven coming back
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
13. The sheriff arrested poor Frankie,
Took her to jail that same day
He locked her up in a dungeon cell,
And threw the key away,
She shot her man, though he done her wrong.

John Brown's Body

W. STEFFE

Tune Uke

G C E A

John Brown's bod-y lies a mould-'ring in the grave, John Brown's bod-y lies a
The stars of heav-en are look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are

mould-'ring in the grave, John Brown's bod-y lies a mould-'ring in the grave, His soul goes march-ing on.
look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are look-ing kind-ly down, On the grave of old John Brown.

Refrain

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah,

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! His soul is march-ing on.

Hallelujah - I'm A Bum

85

Tune Uke

G C E A

Oh, why don't you work like oth - er men do. How the
Oh, I love my boss and my boss loves me, And —

hell that can is I the work rea - when son there's no work to do.
I'm so hun - gry.

Chorus

Hal - le - lu - jah I'm a bum, Hal - le - lu - jah, bum a - gain. Hal - le -

lu - jah give a hand out to re - vive us a - gain.

Solomon Levi

COLLEGE SONG

Tune Uke
G C E A

8 7 - - 7 8 8 - 8 7 7 8 6 -
O Sol - o - mon Le - vi! Le - vi tra la la la — Poor Sol - lie

7 6 8 8 7 7 6 6 6 5 4 6 6 - - - -
Le - vi! tra la la la la la la la la la la My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my

8 7 8 7
store on Sa - lem Street, — That's where you'll buy your coats and vests and

6 6 6 6 7 6 6
ev-'ry-thing else that's neat — I've sec - ond hand - ed Ul - sters and ev - 'ry - thing else that's

fine. — For all the boys they trade with me At a hun-dred and for - ty nine —

Upidee

COLLEGE SONG

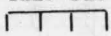
The shades of night were fall-ing fast, Trala la tra, la la As through a moun-tain vil-lage passed
His brow was sad, his eye be-neath, Trala la tra, la la Flashed like a fal-chion from its sheath

Tra la la la la A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with a strange de-vice.
Tra la la la la And like a sil-ver clar-ion rung, The ac-cents of that un-known tongue.

U-pi-dee I dee I da U-pi-dee u-pi-da U-pi-dee I dee I da U-pi-dee i da.

Oh! Dem Golden Slippers

Tune Uke



A D F# B

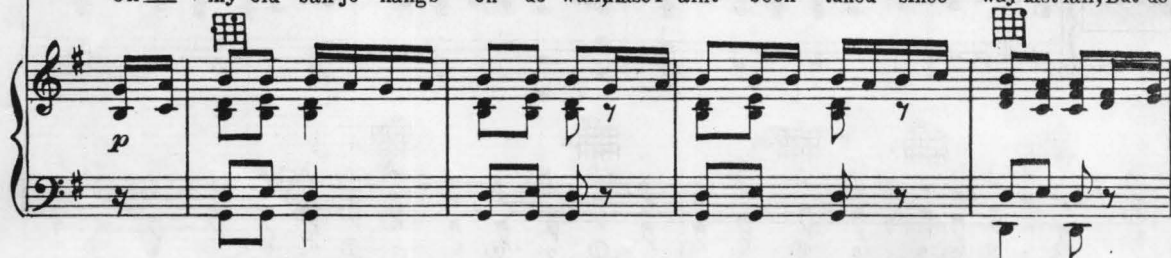
Moderato



VOICE



6 6 7 - - 6 6 6 7 - - 6 6 7 - - 6 7 7 7 6 6 5 6
 Oh my gold-en slip-pers am a laid a-way Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wed-din'day, And my
 And my long white robe dat I bought last June, I'm a gwine to get changed kase it fits too soon, And de
 Oh— my old ban-jo hangs on de wall, Kase I ain't been tuned since way last fall, But de



6 - - - 5 6 6 - - 5 6 6 7 7 6 6
 long tailed coat dat I loved so well, I will wear up in the chariot in de morn.
 old gray hoss dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to the chariot in de morn.
 darkies all say we will hab a goodtime, When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.



CHORUS





Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers, Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers, gold-en slip-pers, I'se gwine to wear, Be-






kase dey look so neat Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers, Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers,






gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, To walk the gold-en street. street.

Go Down Moses

SPIRITUAL

Tune Uke
G C E A

Go down Mos-es 'Way down in E-gypt land Tell ole — Pha-roah —

Let my peo-ple go. When go. Is-real was in E-gypt land Let my peo-ple

Op-pressed so hard they could not stand Let my peo-ple go.

to next strain *Fine* *D.S. al Fine*

Red River Valley

Tune Uke
A D F# B

Slowly

From this val-ley you are go-ing — We will
Won't you think of the say you're leav-ing — Oh, how

7 miss your bright eyes and sweet smile, For they say you are tak - ing the
lone - ly how sad it will be, Oh, think of the fond heart you are

8 7 sun - shine, - That sure bright - ens our path - way a - while.
break - ing, - And the grief you are caus - ing me to see.

Roll Jordan Roll

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Roll, Jor-dan Roll, Roll Jor-dan Roll, I want to go to Heav-en when I die, to

hear Jor-dan Roll. hear Jor-dan Roll Oh! Broth-ers you ought to been there

Tune Uke
A D F B

Yes, my Lord a - sit - tin' in de King - dom Hear Jordan Roll.

D.S. al Fine

Somebody's Knocking At Your Door

SPIRITUAL

Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door

Some-bod - y's

Tune Uke
F B \flat D G

knock-ing at your door

O sin - ner, Why don't you

an-swer, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.

Heav'n, Heav'n

93

NEGRO SPIRITUAL



Lively

I got a shoes, You got a shoes, All God's chil-lun got a shoes, When I get to Heav'n, Gon-na

put on my shoes, An-gon-na walk all o-ver God's Heav'n Heav'n Heav'n Ev-ry-bod-y talk-in'bout,

Heav'n ain't go-in' there Heav'n Heav'n Gon-na shout all o-ver God's Heav'n.

Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

NEGRO SPIRITUAL



Slowly

No-bod-y knows the troub-le I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus No-bod-y knows the

to next strain Fine

troub-le I've seen, - Glor-y Hal-le - lu - jah! Some lu - jah! Times I'm up, some-times I'm down -

Yes! Yes! Lord some-times I'm al-most to the ground Yes! Yes! Lord! Oh

D.S.al Fine

Deep River

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Modto

Deep Riv - er, My home is o - ver Jor - dan, Deep

Riv - er, Lord I want to cross o-ver in-to campground Lord I is a com-in' Lord I is a

Tune Uke
F Bb D G

Deep River(contd)

Chord symbols: Eb, F7, Eb, dim, Bb7, Eb, Db7, Eb.

⑧ - com-in' I ④ want to cross o-ver in-to ③ 5 ④ camp ground, ④ 5 ④ camp ground, ⑤ 7 ⑧ Lord.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Mod¹² Chord symbols: G, C, D7, G, Emi, D7, G, G7, C, D7.

⑦ 6 ⑦ 6 5 5 ④ 6 - - ⑦ - ⑧ ③ 8 ③ ⑦ ③ 6 - 5 ④

Swing lowsweet cha-ri-ot— Com-in'for to car-ry me home Swing low,sweet cha-ri-ot.—

Tune Uke
A D F# B

Chord symbols: G, A7, D7, G, G, C, G, D7, G, dim.

6 - ⑦ - ⑥ 6 ③ ③ ⑦ - 6 5 - 6 5 ④ 6 - - ⑦ - ⑧

Com-in' for to car ry me home,— I looked o-ver Jor-dan an' what did I see. Com-in' for to car-ry me

Chord symbols: D7, Emi, G7, C, D7, G, A7, D7, G.

③ home,— A 8 ③ ⑦ - 6 6 com-in' af-ter me. ④ Com-in' for to car-ry me 6 home.—

Abdul, The Bulbul Ameer

Tune Uke
G C E A

1 The sons of the pro-phet are har-dy and bold And quite un-ac-cus-tomed to
2 There are want-ed a man to en-cour-age the van Or to shouthulla-loo in the
Ti-mi-thie lrv-ing, play euc-her or pool, And per-form on the Span-ish Gui-

6 fear, But of all the most reck-less of life or of limb was Ab-dul the Bul-bul A-
rear, Or to storm a re-doubt They straight way sent out for Ab-dul the Bul-bul A-
Czar, But a-mong the most reck-less of name or of fame was I-van Pet-ru-ski Ski-
tar, In fact quite the cream of the Mos-co-vite team was I-van Pet-ru-ski Ski-

1 meer When they meer. For Ab-dul the Bul-bul A-meer.
vah He could vah. Was I-van Pet-ru-ski Ski-vah.

The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo

Tune Uke
A D F#B

As I walk a-long the Bois Boo-long, With an in-de-pen-dent air — You can hear the girls de-

7 clare — "He must be a mil-lion-aire" — 8 You can hear them sigh and wish to die, You can

G Dmi. E7 Ami. D7

7 see them wink the 7 oth-er eye, At the 7 man that broke the 6 bank at Mön-te Car 6 lo.

G Dmi. E7 Ami. D7 G

Down Went McGinty

6 6 5 6 7 7 8 8 7 5 7 7 8 - 7 6 5 7 6

Down went Mc' Gin-ty to the bot-tom of the well, And tho' he won the five He was

Tune Uke
A D F#B

G D7 G D7

8 - 7 6 8 - 7 6 6 5 5 6 6 7 7 5 - 7 7 7 5 7 6 8 7 6 6

more dead than a-live, Sure his ribs and nose and back were broke from get-ting such a fall; Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

G Cmi. D7 G

98 Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE

Tune Uke

A D F# B

Be - lieve me if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day. — Were to

change by to - mor - row and flee from my arms; Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way — Thou wouldst

still be a - dored, as this mo - ment thou art Let thy lov - li - ness fade as it will. — And a -

round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. —

Long, Long Ago

99

By THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

Tune Uke

G C E A

5 - 6 6 6 7 8 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 5
Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met,
long, long a-go, long, long a-go,
long, long a-go, long, long a-go,

5 - 6 6 6 7 8 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 5
Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear,
Ah! yes you told me you ne'er would for-get,
long, long a-go, long a-go
long, long a-go, long a-go

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 7 6 6 6 6 6 5
Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved.
Then to all oth-ers my smile you pre-ferred,
Let me for-get that so long you have rovd.
Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word;

5 6 6 6 7 8 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 5
Let me be-lieve that you love as you lov'd.
Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard.
Long, long a-go long a-go.
Long, long a-go long a-go.

Listen To The Mocking Bird

ALICE HAWTHORNE

Tune Uke

A D F# B

Modto

Im dream-ing now of Hal-lie,- Sweet Hal-lie,- Sweet
 Ah well I yet re-mem-ber,- Re-mem-ber,- Re-

Hal-lie,- I'm dream-ing now of Hal-lie,- For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies..
 mem-ber,- Ah! well I yet re-mem-ber- When we gath-ered in the cot-tonside by side.

She's sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's
 'Twas in the mild Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber,- Sep-tem-ber,- 'Twas

sleep-ing in the val-ley — And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies.
 in the mild Sep-tem-ber — And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and wide.

Chorus

Lis-tento the mock-ing bird, Lis-tento the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird, still sing-ing o'er her grave;

Lis-tento the mock-ing bird, Lis-tento the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

Whispering Hope

ALICE HAWTHORNE

Whis - per-ing hope, — Oh, how wel - come thy voice —

Mak - ing my heart — in it's sor - row re - joice. —

The Minstrel Boy

THOMAS MOORE

Tune Uke

F Bb D G

Modto

The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
 The min-strel fell but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

find him, His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on And his wild harp slung be-
 un-der; The harp he loved ne'er hath spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-

hind him And land of Song" said the war-rior bard "Tho' all the world be-
 sun-der, And said "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and

trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard One faith-ful harp shall praise thee,"
 bra-ve-ry Thy songs were made for the poor and free, They shall nev-er sound in sla-v'ry."

Would God I Were The Tender Apple Blossom

LONDONDERRY AIR

Tune Uke

F B \flat D G

Would God I were the ten-der ap-ple blos-som That floats and falls from off the twist-ed
Yea, would to God I were a-mong the ros-es That lean to kiss you as you flow be-

bough, To lie and faint with-in your silk-en bos-om With-in your silk-en bos-om at that does
tween, While on the low-est branch a bud un-clo-ses, A bud un-clo-ses to touch you,

now! Of would I were a lit-tle bur-nish'd ap-ple, For you to pluck me glid-ing by so
Queen. Nay since you will not love, Would I were grow-ing A hap-py dai-sy in the gar-den

cold - While sun and shade your robe of lawn will dap-ple, Your robe of lawn and your hairs spun gold -
path, - That so your sil-ver foot might press me go-ing, Might press me go-ing ev-en un-to death -

Come Back To Erin

By CLARIBEL

Tune Uke

G C E A

1. Come back to Er-in, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a-roon to the land of thy birth,
 2. O-ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a-way,

Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Ma-vour-neen, And it's Kil-lar-ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure when we sent thee to
 Rid-ing the white waves that fair sum-mer mom-in' Just like a may flow'r a-float on the bay. O, but my heart sank, when

beau-ti-ful Eng-land, Lit-tle we thought of the lowe win-ter days,
 clouds came be-tween us, Like a grey cur-tain the rain fall-ing down

Lit-tle we thought of the hush of the star-ling,
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o-cean,

O-ver the moun-tain, the bluffs and the bays!
 Far, far a-way where my Col-leen has flown Then come back to Er-in, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen Come back a-gain to the

land of thy birth. Come back to Er-in, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And it's Kil-lar-ney shall ring with our mirth.

Rory O' More

Irish Song

Tune Uke

A D F# B

Oh, Ror-y O' More was an I-rish Col-leen, A sweet-er and neat-er lass I've nev-er seen, And my

Ro-ry O' More set my heart in a whirl, She's a real Coun-ty Ker-ry, a right mer-ry girl.

Dance

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM

In Old Madrid

Music by
H. TROTÉRE

Tune Uke

F B♭ D G

Long years a - go in old Ma - drid, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui - tar, Two spark-ling

eyes, a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There, on the case-ment ledge when

day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was light-ly laid; A face looked out as from the riv - er shore, There

stole a ten-der ser-e - nade! Rang the lov-er's hap-py song, light and low from

Chords: D7, Gm, Cm, Gm, A7, D, Gm, D7, Gm, B♭, D7, F7, B♭, B♭, D7, A7, D, G7, C7, F7

7 8 5 5 8 8 7 6 8 6 5 6 6 7 8
 shore to shore, But ah! the riv-er flow'd a-long be-tween them ev-er-more.

8 6 6 8 6 6 5 4 6 5 8 6 5
 Come, my love the stars are shin-ing, time is fly-ing, love is sigh-ing,

8 8 6 8 6 6 5 8 7 6 6 6 6 6 7
 Come for thee a heart is pin-ing, Here a-lone I wait for thee! Thee, a-lone I wait, I wait for

7 2 8 7 6 7 6 7 8 8 8 7 9 8 8 7 6 6
 thee, My love I wait for thee, O come, my love, I wait for thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee!

Chords: Bb, D7, Gm, Cm, D, Gm, D, Gm, D7, Bb, F7, Bb, Bb, G7, Cm, dim, Bb, F7, Bb, G7, Cm, Bb, F7, Bb.

My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice

From the Opera "Samson and Delilah"

Music by
C. SAINT SAENS

Chord diagrams: D, Gmi., A7, D, E7, dim., A7, F#7, Bmi., Emi., A7, D.

Ah! — an - swer — to my — heart's plead - ing

Come — with me, — It's thee I — am need - ing!

Hear, love, — A woo-er's sad plaint See, love, — A soul with - out taint!

My heart will re - joice al - ways at thy sweet voice. —

Then You'll Remember Me

From "The Bohemian Girl"

109

M. W. BALFE

Andante cantabile



When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts, their tales of love shall
When cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight, the beau - ty now they



tell prize, In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts, the pow'r they feel so well; There
And deem it but a fa - ded light, which beams with - in your eyes; When



may per - haps in such - a scene, Some rec - o - lec - tion be, Of days that have as
hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see In such a mo - ment



hap - py - been, And you'll re - mem - ber me — And you'll re - mem - ber, You'll re - mem - ber me.
I but - ask, That you'll re - mem - ber me — That you'll re - mem - ber, You'll re - mem - ber me.

A Song Of India

N. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

Andante

My heart lies back where Su-ez wa-ters flow It keeps on tell-ing me that I should

To next strain

go back to my love way off in Ind-ia. — love way off in Ind - ia.

Fine

Once 'neath In-dian skies — a pair of eyes — smiled so fair I — en-joyed the

glance — and found ro-mance — hid-ing there. Now — I start to grieve when I per-ceive — all that I've

Fine

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missed. How I long to feel hertwo lips steal in - to a kiss

Noth - ing ev - er since has been so sweet. None one bit so

fair I've chanced to meet Some - day off I'll be, my love to

see a - gain I'll be sat - is - fied when I con - fide my heart's re - frain.

D.S. al Fine

Lullaby

From "Jocelyn"

BENJAMIN GODARD

Quasi recitativo

Emi. Ami. Emi. Ami. Emi.

A lul-la-by just whis-pers thoughts of you a - gain It seems to ease a head Al-read-y bow'd with

Solo

C G F Ami. Dmi. Ami. G7

pain it seems to tell of nights when we strolled down love's high-way Till the day you were gone and left me to go my way.

C G7 C F C F Fmi. C G7

Andte

Ah, lul-la-by your sil-ver strain — Re-calls the magic nights I knew — What would I give for them a -

C F D7 C G7 C G7

gain — To know — once more the nights which were too few I love —

That song it's tone so clear, Just seem to bring my loved one near.

L.H.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

The Last Rose Of Summer

From "Martha"

VON FLOTOW

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a-lone; All her love-ly com-
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love-ly are

pan-ions, Are fad-ed and gone; No flow-er of her kin-dred, No
sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them, Thus kind-ly I scat-ter thy

rose bud is nigh— To re-flect back her blush-es, or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed;— Where thy mates of the gar-den, lie scent-less and dead.

Calvary

PAUL RODNEY

Andante

SACRED
SONG

Rest, rest to the wea - ry Peace, peace to the soul. —
O, lay down thy bur - den, O, come un - to me. —

Chords: D, A7, D, D7, G, Gm, D

1. Though life may be drear - y Earth is not thy goal. —

Chords: Em, A7, D, F#7, C#7, F#7, A7

2. I will not for - sake thee, I will not for - sake thee, I will not for -

Chords: E7, D, F#7, Bm, E7

sake thee, Though all else should flee, Though all else should flee. —

Chords: D, E7, A7, D, E7, D, A7, D

Onward, Christian Soldiers

115

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

SACRED MARCH

On ward, chris-tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war; With the cross of
Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the church of God; Broth-ers, we are

Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the roy-al mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the
tread - ing, Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed All one bod - y

foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go,
we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

On-ward, chris-tian sol - diers Marching as to war. With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

J. P. KNIGHT

Tune Uke

A D F#B

Rock'd in the crad-le of the deep, — I lay me down — in peace to sleep, Se-
cure I rest up-on the wave, — For Thou, O Lord, — hast pow'r to save, I
know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
calm and peace-ful is my sleep, — Rock'd in the crad-le of the deep. And

④ - ④ 6 ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ④ - ④ ④ 5 ④ 6

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, — Rock'd in the crad-le of the deep.

Seeing Nellie Home

The Quilting Party

Moderato

5 ⑤ 6 - ⑥ 6 ⑥ 7 - 7 - 7 ⑦ ⑥ 7 6 5 ⑤ 6 7 8 7

In the sky the bright stars glit-tered — On the bank the pale moon shone And from Aunt Din-ah's

Tune Uke
G C E A

⑧ 7 ⑥ 7 - - ⑦ 7 ⑧ - 7 ⑤ 6 - ⑥ - 6 7 6 7 -

quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home. — I was

7 ⑦ ⑥ 7 6 5 ⑤ 6 7 8 7 ⑧ 7 ⑥ 7 - - ⑦ 7 ⑧ - 7

see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas from Aunt Din-ah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

S. B. MARSH

SACRED
HYMN

Jes - us lov - er of my soul Let me to Thy bos - om fly —
 Oth - er re - fuge have I none Hangs my help - less soul on Thee. —

While the wear - er wat - ers roll, While the temp - est still is high. —
 Leave, Ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me! —

Hide me, O my Sav - ior hide. — 'Till the storm of life be past. —
 All my trust on Thee is stayed. — All my help from Thee I bring, —

Safe in - to the hav - en guide Oh re - ceive my soul at last. —
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ows of Thy wing. —

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

119

EDMUND H. SEARS

Sacred Song

RICHARD S. WILLIS

XMAS
SONG

Slowly

It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glor - ious song of
Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un -

old From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold. — "Peace
furl'd; And still their Heavh - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world. — A -

on the earth, Good will to men, From Heav'n's all grac - ious King." The
bove it's sad - and low - ly plains, They bend on hov - 'ring wing. And

world in sol - emn still - ness lay to hear the an - gels sing.
ev - er o'er it's ba - bel sounds the bless - ed an - gels sing.

Cantique De Noel

(O Holy Night)

A. ADAM

XMAS
SONG

Oh ho - ly night the stars are bright-ly shin - ing, It is the night of the dear Sav-iours
Led by the light of faith se-re-ne-ly beam - ing, With glowing hearts by His cra-dle we

birth Long lay the world in sin and er - ror pin - ing Till He ap-peared and the soul felt His
stand; So led by light of star so sweet-ly gleam - ing Here came the wise men from the O'-rient

worth land. A thrill of hope The wear-y world re-joice For yon-der breaks a
The King of Kings Thus lay in low-ly man-ger In all our tri-als

new and glo-rious morn Fall on your knees! Oh hear the an-gel
born to be our friend He knows our needs, To our weak-ness no

Ami. C G7 C F C G7 C

voi - ces Oh, night — di - vine Oh, night — when Christ was born Oh
 stran - ger Be - hold — your King Be - fore — Him low - ly bend Be -

G7 C Dmi. C G7 C

night — di - vine oh night, oh night di - vine.
 hold — your King, your King Be - fore Him bend.

The Lord's Prayer

Recitativo SACRED CHANT

F C7

DAILY PRAYER

Our Father who art in Heav'n Hallowed be Thy name.
 Give us this day our dai - ly bread.
 And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil,

F A7 Dmi. C7 F

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.
 And forgive us our tresspasses, As we forgive those who tresspass a - gainst us.
 For Thine is the kingdom, And the power, and the glory for ever and ever A - men.

The Palms

(Les Rameaux)

J. FAURE

Easter
Song

Andante

On our green lawn the palm trees and the flow'rs, Give out nat-ure's bless-ing

this ho - ly day Je - sus will come the world will hear his words,

And now the throngs ac-claim and they pray. All peo-ples sing, yes sing his praise

Come, let thy voices blend with ours to heav-en raise Ho - san - na!

Chords: Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Dim, F, C7, F7, Bb, Gm, Cm, F7, D7, C7, F7, Bb, Gm.

Glo - ry to God! bless - ed is he who comes to save, to save the world.

Abide With Me

Moderato

W. H. MONK

SACRED
SONG

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close, ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow

deep - ens Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
all a - round I see; O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.

O, Come, All Ye Faithful

REV. F. OAKELEY

Adeste Fidelis

J. READING

REV. F. C. REELEY

J. READING

Maestoso

O come, all ye faith-ful Joy-ful and tri-umph-ant, O come ye, O
O sing, chorus of an-gels Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion — Sing all ye

come — ye to Beth-le-hem Come and be-hold Him
cit-i-zens of heav'n — giv-'n Word of the Fa-ther

born the King of an-gels
now in flesh ap-pear-ing O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him — Christ, — the Lord.

The Lost Chord

125

By SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN
and ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

Andante Moderato

SACRED
SONG

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan I was wea-ry and ill at ease, And my
Flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an an-gel's psalm, And it

fin-gers wan-dered i-dly o-ver the nois-y keys; I knew not what I was
lay on my fev-er'd spir-it with a touch of in fin-ite calm, It qui-et-ed pain and

play-ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mus-ic, Like the
sor-row Like love ov-er-com-ing strife, It seemed the har-mo-nious ech-o, From

sound of a great A-men, Like the sound of a great A-men. It life.

1. 2.

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

W. STEFFE &

JULIA WARD HOWE

Tune Uke

G C E A

Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage where the
I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred circ - ling camps, They have builded Him an al - tar in the

grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
eve - ning dews and damps; I can read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Silent Night! Holy Night!

127

(Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!)

FRANZ GRUBER

Moderato

Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Out of Heav'n comes a light Show-ing sin - ners the Lord is nigh

Watch-ing all from his place on high Saint and sin-ner His love share Sin-ner and saint share his love.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

Recitativo **Sacred Chant**

The Lord is my shepherd, I
He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His
Thou preparast a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou anointest my head with oil, my

shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
name's sake. Yea, though I walk thru' the valley of the shadow of death
cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,

He leadeth me beside the still waters
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me A - men.
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for - ever.

Rock Of Ages

Sacred Song

THOMAS HASTINGS

Moderato

Moderato

1. Rock of ag-es cleft for me, Let me hide my self in thee; Let the wa-ter and the
2. Could my tears for ev-er flow, Could my zeal no long-er know, These for sin could not a-

blood, From thy wound-ed side which flowed Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
tone, Thou must save, and thou a-lone, In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

LOWELL MASON

1. Near-er my God to thee, near-er to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross that rais-eth me, —
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, the sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, my rest a stone, —

Still all my song shall be, Near-er my God, to thee, Near-er my God, to thee, near - er to thee. —
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er my God, to thee, Near-er my God, to thee, near - er to thee. —

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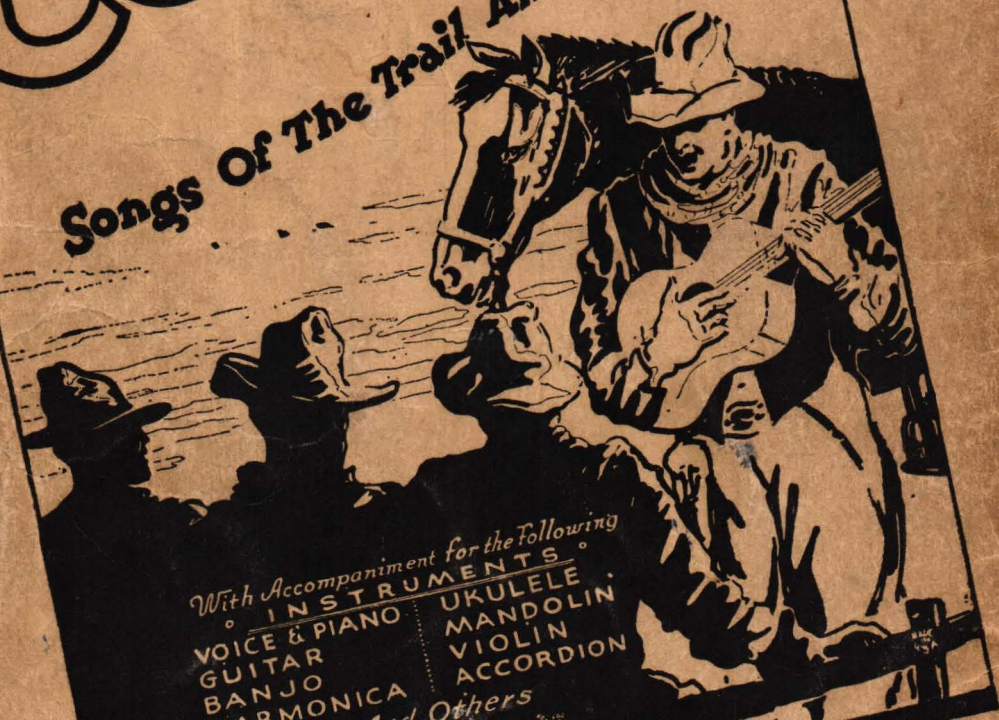
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